

# THE QUAKER

Saturday, January 25, 1863.



N. THOMAS. 1863.

## ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER.

THE GRAVES OF CAXTON THE PRINTER, SKELTON THE POET, AND RALEIGH THE HERO.

**I**N many a secluded English village the church is often the only building which wins the traveller's notice. "The Hall," or "the great house," may stand near, but they seldom draw

away attention from the grey tower, rich with the sculptured work of ages past, or from the humbler lichen-tinted and ivy-garlanded walls. In such rural homes every surrounding object gives pro-

minence to the church. The quiet landscape, the embowering foliage, and the hamlet homes, all tend to make the old pile the grand point of the picture. Now, look at the contrast in St. Margaret's, Westminster. Was ever church so thrown into the background by the *grandeur* of its neighbours? The magnificent Abbey long made the church look like a poorly-clad infant by the side of a king on his throne. The predominance of the monastic pile might, however, have been endured—it was but the supremacy of a relation—but in the nineteenth century a structure has arisen which throws its huge shadow over both Abbey and church. The massive and lofty towers of the Houses of Parliament, and the long lines of sculptured stone, attract nearly every eye. Time was when St. Margaret's seemed part of one vast royal and ecclesiastical pile; now she stands alone; the Abbey scarcely recognising her, and the imperial pile in front looks as if deeming her presence an intrusion. Stern critics and disciples of "the beautiful" have even requested her to depart altogether from the place, and make room for "aesthetic" fountains and the statues of kings and statesmen. But the lady moves not; here she has sat from the days of Edward the Confessor; kings have been her visitors, and she has talked with men of renown. Here she will still sit, and commune, if it be possible, with the political principalities and powers now gathering in their imperial splendours round her.

Why was St. Margaret of Antioch selected as the patron of this church? Why go to Syria, when there surely must have been plenty of home-made saints to select from? St. Margaret was no ordinary canonised maiden: listen to one old story of her deeds, and then judge whether she must not have been a maiden of might.

One day Satan himself appeared before her, not, however, in the form of a knight, prince, or potentate, but in that of a ferocious, fiery-eyed, and open-mouthed dragon—looking, in fact, just like the brother of that strange beast over which the most noble and most mighty St. George triumphs on a thousand signboards. Now, we must confess that we never thought much of St. George's vaunted feat. Armed with that tremendously long spear, and seated on that terrific steed, any one—even we ourselves—could have killed the dragon. No spear was in the maiden's hand—nothing but a bit of the true cross, given to her by a kind angel; yet see the result. The dragon was so subdued that the lady led him about with a string round his neck, as if he had been a Regent Street poodle-dog! Talk no more of St. George after that.

Another legend makes the triumph of Margaret more amazing still, and the defeat of the dragon more ignominious. According to this report, the

monster had it all his own way for a little while; he swallowed the damsel whole. Of course, all was over with the lady then? Not by any means; the dragon had for once made a mistake. The saint victoriously stepped out through the riven side of the brute!

We know not which of the two accounts to admire most. The first has more of poetic gentleness, and the second most of stern justice.

There is, we must hint, a third story, much too simple, many will say, to be true. A heathen governor of Antioch loved Margaret; she repulsed his offers, and he beheaded her. This was not, however, the story which the popular traditions accepted, and which made St. Margaret the favourite of the ladies. Nearly two hundred and fifty English churches were placed under her protection. Art loved to depict her marvellous deeds; and her head, garlanded with pearls or daisies, was seen on many a "storied window" in grand mediæval churches. Edward the Confessor had, therefore, good reasons for dedicating his new church to such a famous saint. Her image was long preserved in this church; and though the Abbey of St. Germaine, at Paris, might exult in the possession of Margaret's girdle, Westminster had one of her fingers cased in silver, and also "a piece of the head of St. George." We venture most respectfully to ask whether these relics are still to be seen.

Some critics attribute the present appearance of this church to tasteless repairs and alterations. They do not seek for any part of the old pile raised by the Confessor, or for that rebuilt under Edward I by the parish and the Hanse merchants, but think that the structure rebuilt in the time of Edward IV. should look a little more like "the parish church of the Commons of Great Britain." A writer in 1799 is exceedingly fierce, declaring that the architects had made the edifice "the butt of contempt." The porch, especially, excited his indignation. The parishioners, it seems, looked upon this unfortunate porch as "Druidical in design." The critic tells them they might as well call the style "Hottentot." The repairs of 1802 were not more satisfactory. An architect then asked the parish officials to inform him whether the style of the work was borrowed from "Rome, Egypt, China, or Lapland."

Some, however, who will not say much for the exterior, stand up for the beauty of the interior. Let us enter, and look for ourselves. We may adopt the words of a writer, who denies that "alterations have destroyed the ancient simplicity and grandeur." The beauty is not of the highest; some may deny the "grandeur" altogether, though a modern writer calls the interior "most grand and imposing;" many will admire the pulpit, called "one of the richest in London;" most will

glance at the Speaker's pew and the Commons' gallery; but all will study, for at least a few minutes, the richly-painted east window, and recall its singular history. The Roman soldiers, the sorrowing Marys near the cross, the centurion with the spear, the view of Jerusalem in the distance, the demon carrying off the soul of one thief, while the angel bears the other to paradise, are all in strange contrast with the figures of Harry VII., his wife Elizabeth, St. George and St. Catherine. To increase the chronological complexity, we have the white and red roses of York and Lancaster, in company with the pomegranate of Arragon.

We do not here enter upon a discussion whether the royal personages are Prince Arthur and Catherine of Arragon, or Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York: the pomegranate naturally suggests the idea of Catherine. The magistrates of Dort intended this rich work for the chapel of Henry VII., but the picture reached England in unsettled times, and was never placed in Westminster Abbey. The Augustine canons of Waltham obtained the precious work, and held it until the dissolution of the monasteries, when the last abbot, Robert Fuller, managed to remove the whole window to the chapel at New Hall, Essex. A subsequent purchaser, the Presbyterian General Monk, is said to have buried it, in order to save the work from destruction, as a "superstitious" picture. The window was replaced in New Hall after 1660, and at length found a rest in St. Margaret's Church in 1758, when the parish purchased it for four hundred guineas. But trouble came to the new possessors. The churchwardens, William Rusted and Samuel Peirson, were charged with setting up "a superstitious window," and fierce was the conflict which ensued. The storm ceased after a suit of seven years, when the citation was dismissed, each party paying their own costs. The victorious Samuel Peirson celebrated "the battle of the window" by presenting a "loving-cup" of silver to the parish. Long may the window remain the chief ornament of the church, and long may the cup be honoured.

The old rood-loft\* had its changes in exact harmony with the revolutions in religious opinions. In 1480 "the rood-crucifix, Mary and John," were all carefully repaired; in 1548 they were taken down, for Edward VI. was king; in 1556 they were set up again, on the truly logical ground that Mary was queen; in 1559 down they came once more, when Queen Elizabeth did reign.

The chapels of St. Margaret, St. George, St. Catherine, St. Erasmus, St. John, St. Cornelius, St. Nicholas, and St. Christopher, have also long

\* A beam supporting a crucifix over the entrance to the chancel.

disappeared, to the grief of some ecclesiastical antiquarians.

The parish had, however, other serious matters to manage. Fleas, dogs, episcopal feasts, the sale of church metal, midwives' pews, and the transportation of redundant children,—all and each vexed at times the perplexed vestries of St. Margaret's. We tremble at the state of the church pews, when reading the following item in the parish books in 1610:—"Paid to Mrs. Wells, sixpence, for salt to destroy the *fleas* in the churchwardens' pew." Fleas luxuriating in the churchwardens' pew! It seems to pass our comprehension. What, then, must have been the condition of the humbler pews? The next item is, "Paid £2 5s. for making a new pew for the nurses." Why should the nurses have a pew all to themselves? The nurses were, we admit, important persons in former times: they were even expected to baptise infants, on emergencies; but whether this will account for this special pew, must be left to a future time for discussion.

Dogs seem to have had an awful time of it in Westminster. We have had proposals in these tender-hearted modern times for the establishment of "dog orphan-homes," but the old vestry of St. Margaret's would have laughed at such nonsense. Among the parish accounts for 1603 is the following item:—"Robert Wells, paid six shillings and eightpence, for killing eighty dogs, and one penny each for killing four hundred and twenty-two more in the same summer." Five hundred and two dogs killed by Robert Wells in one parish in one year! These luckless animals were supposed to carry the plague from place to place, and so suffered on sanitary grounds.

In 1642 a vigorous attempt seems to have been made by the parish to get rid of its surplus infant population. In that year £26 12s. 6d. was collected "to carry children to New England." How many were thus transported we know not; doubtless it was a great relief to the poor-rate, and therefore, laudable.

The restoration of the Papal power, under Mary, brought a charge on the parish purse, for the bishop's dinner, in 1544, at "the reconciliation of the church." The dinner was not very luxurious, the most solid joist being "a sirloin of beef," to which was liberally added "eleven gallons of wine." The reader will not fail to notice the name "sirloin" thus early used.

Here is an entry, under the date 1644, well suited to enrage an antiquary: "For twenty-nine pounds of fine brass, at fourpence per pound and ninety-six pounds of coarse brass, at three-pence per pound, taken off tombstones in the church, £1 13s. 6d." One hundred and twenty-five pounds of sculptured monumental brasses sold at the price of refuse metal!

In the church thus despoiled many remarkable men have preached, and some exciting events have occurred. Here Father Latimer drew such crowds that even the pews were broken by the crush. The Puritan divines, Calamy, Owen, Baxter, and Hugh Peters, exhorted and argued in stormy times to excited audiences. Here Stillingfleet and Lightfoot showed the union of logic with learning. The reasonings of Tenison, Tillotson, and Sherlock delighted the taste of a less fervid age; and Bishop Atterbury, political, daring, and able, stands in contrast with the devotional Horne and the poetic Dr. Young.

The congregation at St. Margaret's was often of a peculiar character. On one occasion, in 1627, "four hundred and sixty-eight" of the House of Commons are enumerated as communicants. In St. Margaret's, on September 25th, 1643, the "Solemn League and Covenant" was signed. Let us endeavour to recall the scene. The building is crowded with the House of Commons and the Assembly of Divines; many an anxious heart is there, for the great civil war has begun. A psalm is sung, and then Mr. White has a prayer for near an hour; after this Mr. Nye preaches fervently for another hour; it is not over yet, for see, Mr. Alexander Henderson rises, and speaks from his seat "a long time." We must not go away, for brother Nye now reads the Covenant, clause by clause, and at each section all signify assent by holding up their hands.

Here, too, on the 31st of May, in the same year, Pym and the Commons had met to observe a solemn fast day, and were listening to a sermon, when a messenger hurriedly entered Pym's pew with the astounding news that the poet Waller had secretly collected "a thousand desperate rogues from Oxford," to murder the chief members of the governing party.

That broad, open churchyard, too, has had its historical contrasts. On the 23rd of November, 1658, a huge scaffolding, erected on "two hundred and forty feet of ground," was crowded with spectators, to witness the funeral procession of Cromwell, as it passed into the Abbey. Three years after, large open graves were seen in this churchyard, and groups of whispering men saw coffin after coffin hurried out of their Abbey tombs to these unhonoured pits. Who are the silent ones thus torn from their resting-places? Amongst them are the Lady Elizabeth Cromwell, mother of the bold Protector; his daughter, Mrs. Claypole; Admiral Blake, who had brought honour to the English flag on every sea; Pym, the great orator of the Long Parliament—the "King Pym" of the admiring people. The lap-dogs of Charles II. were treated with profound respect by the worthy courtiers who thus insulted the memory of Blake.

Though William Caxton is the most remarkable

man buried in this church, there are others who demand a moment's notice. The headless body of the fine-hearted English soldier, sailor, scholar, and gentleman, Sir Walter Raleigh, was buried in the chancel here, on the 18th of October, 1618, the day on which he was beheaded, in the adjoining Palace Yard. The head was interred by his son, Carew Raleigh, in West Horsley Church, Surrey, and is said to have been found there in 1703.

John Skelton, the bold though reckless clerical poet, who satirised Wolsey as "the butcher's dog," died 21st of June, 1529, in the sanctuary where the exasperated cardinal had compelled him to take refuge for many years, and is buried in the church. Near Skelton's grave is that of a "court poet," Thomas Churchyard, whose monument once warned all against the cultivation of poetry. Here are his parting words:—

"Povertie and povertie this tomb doth enclose;  
Therefore, gentlemen, be merry in prose."

A greater poet than Skelton or Churchyard entered St. Margaret's Church as a mourner on the 10th of February, 1657. On that day Catherine, the second wife of Milton, was laid in her grave. Milton's twenty-third sonnet has given to his "late espoused saint" a long-enduring memorial.

Lady Dorothy Stafford's monument sounds her praises in three particulars. First, she "did good to everybody;" secondly, she "never hurted any," and thirdly, she was lady of the bedchamber "to Queen Elizabeth for forty years." We feel the profoundest respect for Lady Dorothy.

The monument of James Palmer, B.D., says that he preached twice a week "a comfortable sermon" to the people in his own almshouses. That "comfortable sermon" speaks volumes in praise of James Palmer, B.D.

William Caxton, our first printer, is the most suggestive name connected with St. Margaret's. There is a fitness in the place of the old printer's burial. He sleeps near the Abbey Almonry, where his printing-press began its influential work. Hither he invited, by handbills still preserved, the small reading public of his day to come and see a machine which was to revolutionise the world. We cannot say that he ventured on penny periodicals; those teachers of the millions were far distant; neither Caxton nor Wynkin de Worde saw, even in their most romantic visions, such a future. But our friend in the almonry would have sold you a "History of Troy," "The Oration of John Russell," "The Game of Chess," "The Sayings of the Philosophers," or, if you preferred it, "The Life of Jason," or a "History of King Arthur." A well-informed, observant, persevering, and hardworking man was this early printer and publisher. His friend and associate, Wynkin de Worde, tells us that Caxton was busy

at work on the last day of his life, when he finished the translation of "the Fathers."

Other worthy printers carried on his work. Wynkin de Worde, Pynson, Grafton, Day, Parker, Baskerville, Bulmer, the Foulis, and numerous successors, advanced the great art, but William Caxton stands in front of the long line. The old workman was not buried without honour. On the day of his funeral, in 1491, the parish provided four torches to be burnt in his honour, costing "six shillings and eightpence."

The tablet by Westmacott, erected in St. Margaret's by the Roxburgh Club, in 1820, to the memory of the great printer, is fixed in the wall of the south aisle, close to the door at the south-east entrance of the church. Some gentlemen, who rightly regarded Caxton as a great national benefactor, wished to place the monument in

Westminster Abbey. What hindered? the exorbitant fee demanded by the Abbey officials. Is not this food for a satirist? First we allow three centuries to pass before we give a monument; then it is excluded from the great national temple because of the fees!

We trust that the lovers of "architectural and æsthetic harmony" will consent to let this church stand, if only for the sake of its historical associations. "It spoils our view of the Abbey," says one class of critics; "It is not in harmony with the Westminster Palace," cries another. Very true, gentlemen; the church pleads guilty to these heavy charges; but it also hints that it contains the body of William Caxton, and that its presence reminds Englishmen of men and events which have permanently influenced the mind of England.

W. D.

### THE ALL-SEEING EYE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SELF-MADE MEN."

**N**EARLY four thousand years have rolled away since Hagar uttered the four striking words, "Thou God seest me," in the lonely wilderness of Beer-sheba, but they have lost none of their practical importance. While sitting by a fountain in that tenantless region, the Angel of the Lord appeared, and in the kindest manner remonstrated with her on the course she was pursuing. Encouraged by the heavenly visitor, and having distinguished the place by the name of Beer-lahai-roi, "the well of the visible God," Hagar retraced her steps to the tent of Abraham, where, in due time, Ishmael was born. The Angel that appeared to Hagar when she fled from the face of her mistress, was the Lord Jesus Christ—the Angel of the Covenant—who, in a human form, appeared to Abraham, Jacob, Moses, and other Old Testament saints. Keeping this in view, we now proceed to illustrate the mighty principles which stand out prominently on the face of the text, and which ought never to be forgotten.

*There is an All-Seeing Eye.*—We do not refer to the omniscience of God as a matter that needs proof, but for the purpose of reminding you of the propriety of familiarising your mind with that solemn fact. As a truth, it is clearly taught in the Bible, and all who believe in its divinity will bow to its decisions and conclusions. "Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him?" saith the Lord. "The darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee." This inspection is universal. Hagar is seen weeping in the way to Shur; Jacob is seen during

the night in the solitudes of Luz; David is seen watching his sheep on the plains of Bethlehem; Nathanael is seen sitting under his fig-tree. But it is not enough to assent to general truth; there must be specific, personal application. This All-seeing Eye is in the sanctuary, watching you as you sit among the worshippers; in the family, seeing how fathers and mothers train their children, and how children obey their parents; in the street and the counting-house, in the shop and in the factory. *Ner* is this all. The Divine Eye is not confined to this world; it beholds all the worlds, and all the creatures, and all the things in the universe. God sits, as it were, on the centre of creation, and beholds all its movements.

"He smiles in heaven, He frowns in hell,  
He fills the air, the earth, the sea;  
None can without his presence dwell,  
And none can from his anger flee."

*This All-Seeing Eye is the Eye of your Protector.*  
—If there be anything plain in the world, it is that God

"Overrules all mortal things,  
And manages our mean affairs."

He has innumerable instruments and agents—the angels—the fixed material laws—the faculties and instincts of the mind—the rules of Providence, and the principles of philosophy. But these do not operate of themselves. The Lord uses them, but *He* is your protector. This protection is minutely particular; it respects all persons, and all conditions, and all events. There must either be a universal Providence, or no Providence at all. A simple lad once dreamed a

dream—it foreshadowed the formation of mighty empires, the preservation of the chosen people, and the coming of the Saviour of the world. The flight of a bird once changed the fate of a whole country. In nothing is there chance, but in everything there is God. There is design in everything—an end to be served. All things work together, and work together for good. Things happen, not because they must happen, but because it is right they should happen. Some men are frightened at a very little thing; but those who believe that the eye of an Almighty Protector is watching over them, are calm and collected in the very centre of danger.

“ ‘Twas when the sea’s tremendous roar  
A little barque assailed,  
And pallid fear in awful form  
O'er each on board prevailed—  
Save one, the captain’s darling boy,  
Who fearless viewed the storm;  
And, playful, with composure smiled  
At danger’s threatening form.  
‘Why sporting thus,’ the sailors cried,  
‘While terrors overwhelm?’  
‘Why yield to grief?’ the boy replied;  
‘My father’s at the helm.’ ”

The child of God knows that his Father manages all things for his benefit, and can therefore smile in the midst of the storm.

*This All-Seeing Eye is the Eye of your Provider.*—All creatures come within the pale of God’s providing agency. Those that have powers of locomotion must work for their bread. Hence, in search of food, the cattle roam the fields, the fish cleave the waters of the mighty deep, and the wild beasts hunt the desert and the jungle. God has promised to provide for you, but only in conjunction with your own agency. You must not neglect the means, and expect Providence to work miracles to supply your wants. Your Provider is sometimes better than his promises, and gives you luxuries; but be not very anxious about these, for they who have abundance of this world’s good things, find it difficult to pray “give us each day our daily bread.” Child of poverty, use the means, and look up to God as your Provider. David says, “I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.” A good man, unable to extricate himself from pecuniary difficulties, came to the resolution of leaving his native country. There remained but one Lord’s Day previous to his departure, and he resolved to keep it holy. The minister he went to hear selected for the subject of his discourse, Ps. xxxvii. 3: “Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.” His attention was arrested by the text, nor did he feel himself less interested in the sermon, every sentence of which was peculiarly applicable to

his circumstances; and led him to conclude that the whole was the voice of Providence. He changed his purpose, and resolved to struggle against the torrent of adversity, and await the good pleasure of his God concerning him. The time to favour him soon arrived. The Lord quickly turned back his captivity, and caused his latter end to be more blessed than his beginning.

“The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed:  
From them let us learn to trust for our bread,  
His saints what is fitting shall ne’er be denied,  
So long as ‘tis written—‘The Lord will provide.’ ”

*This All-Seeing Eye is the Eye of your Saviour.*—This Eye swims in tears. No ordinary human being could ever suffer as Jesus did, for his soul was greater than all other souls, and therefore, more sensitive to evils, pains, and sorrows. Go to the brow of yon hill, from which a full view of Jerusalem is obtained; stand by the side of the Man of Sorrows; behold the big tears rolling down his sacred cheeks, and hear him exclaiming, “O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killst the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!”

“He wept alone, and men passed on—the men whose woes He bore:  
They saw the Man of Sorrows weep; they had seen Him weep before.  
They asked not who those tears were for; they asked not whence they flowed;  
Those tears were for rebellious men, their source—the heart of God.”

Jesus is not only able to sympathise; he is also able to succour. “This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners;” “wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.” If the greatest criminal in the world would but look by faith to Jesus, the mighty load of guilt would roll off his shoulders, and his conscience would be cleansed from the foul and deadly stain of sin. The salvation of Jesus is commensurate with all your necessities, adequate to all your demands, and contains all that your circumstances require.

*This All-Seeing Eye is the Eye of your Judge.*—“Before him shall be gathered all nations.” What a vast assembly! All the inhabitants of the world, from Adam to his last-born son, shall be gathered together, and stand at the bar of judgment at the last day. Yet no witnesses will be required, nor jury need to be empanelled; for the All-seeing Judge is as entirely and absolutely acquainted with the thoughts, desires, motives, and acts of each, as if there had been no other creature in the universe. There will be no mistake of character.

"Thou God seest me," may be read in the dispensations of Providence, the glorious retrospect of the saint, and the corroding recollection of the sinner. Write it in your heart, and on the lintels

of your doors; hear it in the still small voice of conscience: forget it not on a sick bed; forget it not when you come to die: "Thou God seest me."

### HURRICANES.

 HAT is a hurricane? The answer is not an easy one—that is to say, an intelligent answer. Half-answers, evasive answers, designed to conceal the want of knowledge in the speakers, are in plenty, and to spare; but an honest explanation is far to seek. The truth is, there is much real difficulty in ascertaining, even approximately, the causes which give rise to hurricanes. More than enough is known of their effects, of the violent wind, which turneth itself round and "whirleth about continually," overturning houses, breaking up ships, dashing stones, and men, and cattle, and the produce of the ground, into one common pounding mill, and crushing them as in a mortar. The frightful effects of a severe hurricane have lately been seen in the complete devastation of the town of St. Thomas, in the West Indies, and in the total wreck of four mail steamers with upwards of fifty sailing vessels. And not only have St. Thomas and the parts immediately adjacent, suffered—the whole coastline of the Gulf of Mexico, north of Matamoras, and even to some distance south of it, has been the scene of many a fearful wreck, and of numerous casualties fatal to life. The effects are well known; but what about the cause?

In the earliest description of a hurricane with which the writer is acquainted, that given by Benzoni, the Milanese, who, in the year 1541, "started from Milan, in the name of God, the Sustainer and Governor of all the universe," in order to visit the New World, the causes assigned by the Spaniards and Indians respectively are stated, but the modest writer says, he leaves it to "the judgment of the more learned, and to intellects more worthy than his or those of the Indians," to decide between the two opinions. Without arrogating too much on the score of more learnedness, we may safely reject both the Spanish and the Indian theory. The Spaniards said the hurricane, which seems to have been a very bad one, was due to the devil, who was angry at so many souls being baptised, and had therefore "contrived all this destruction;" "and it was a general opinion that the erection of the holy ensign of the cross in these islands, was driving away the

infernal spirits, who had been so long masters of those rough and ignorant men (the Indians), and that they made all this disturbance in their forced flight." So much for the Spaniards. The Indians had a very different notion of it. They "imputed all the mischief that had happened to the conduct of the Spaniards, and believed that Heaven wished to have forced them away from them." The description is graphic, and true also of the hurricane which occurred the other day at St. Thomas. Benzoni says, that "from the *eastward* there came a tremendous storm, such as those islands had never before seen; some winds arose, and one especially, called by the Spaniards *Furacano*, which came with such violence that it imposed terror both on heaven and earth, and seemed as if it would destroy both; wherefore, everybody felt sure they should die, and that the elements would be confounded and resolved, and so end the world. The lightnings of the air were violent and frequent, the thunder was loud and frightful, the day seemed night, and the darkness so intense that men could not see each other; . . . so raging were the winds, that they fought together screaming, they tore up the trees, they detached stones from the sides of the mountains, and with great fury hurled them into the plains, levelling houses, killing men, and even whole houses, with their inhabitants in them, were carried through the air, and then smashed."

Storms of this kind were experienced from time to time, some being greater and some less; but slight attempts only were made to arrive at an understanding of the causes and origin of them till the beginning of the present century, and it was not till the year 1832, when the attention of scientific and able men was turned to the subject by the fearful hurricane which swept Barbadoes in that year, that any trustworthy information was obtained. Colonel Reid, of the Royal Engineers, and Mr. Redfield, of New York, were the chief students who brought study and long, systematic, observation to bear on the subject.

Hurricane is the name given to a mighty revolving wind, which sweeps the Atlantic Ocean at irregular intervals, in the district comprised in the West Indies and the northern portion of

the Gulf of Mexico. It is identical in character (though it is generally more severe) with that wind which is known in the eastern seas as a cyclone. Smaller manifestations of the same kind of wind are seen in white squalls, "devils," water-spoouts, land-spoouts, and, to compare small things with great, in the insignificant little whirlwinds which are to be seen on a breezy day, whisking the leaves and dust round in an eddy off the road, and moving them along in the direction to which the wind is blowing, at the same time keeping them in a constantly revolving motion.

All these eddies, small and great, are caused by the violent commingling of a stratum of hot air with a stratum of cold air, the former being the stratum next to the earth's surface. The two strata, each at a markedly different temperature, are compelled, by some cause which has not yet been ascertained, to impinge one upon the other. In doing so, a violent disruption takes place of the conditions under which the two formerly existed; the winds fight together, wrestling, and in the action, rubbing against one another, slide round in the direction suggested by the rotary motion of the earth at the place of combat. The greater the amount of hot and cold air to be mixed, the greater the violence of the mixing, and the greater the velocity of the revolving current, which sometimes, in very bad hurricanes, attains a speed of a hundred miles an hour. The amount of space over which the mixing process is going on may be a hundred miles, or more, or less, and that space, whatever it may be, represents the space within which the effects of the hurricane will be felt. But this diameter of a hundred miles, more or less, is not stationary; it moves with the general wind prevailing at the time, and in the direction to which that is going—that is to say, supposing the wind outside the limits of the storm to be blowing at the rate of six miles an hour, the hurricane, revolving within itself at the tremendous rate above mentioned, is moved forward bodily as a whole at the rate of six miles an hour. It is as if a wheel were set in motion, and attained a great velocity, and were then taken up, and, by some other power than its own, moved, still going round, in an independent course.

It is to be observed that Benzoni says the hurricane he witnessed came from the eastward. The result of all the observations has shown that all hurricanes come from that quarter, and generally form some point eastward of Barbadoes, and ranging between the twelfth and nineteenth degrees of north latitude, and between the seventy-fourth and eightieth degrees of west longitude. Their course is north-westerly, with rather more west than north, until they strike

the land, when they are turned northward and easterly, and are gradually broken and dissipated. The places which lie outside the home of the hurricanes are, of course, exempt from them; and, taking the above-named degrees of latitude and longitude into consideration, it will be seen, on reference to the map, that Trinidad, Tobago, Grenada, the coasts of Guiana, and the Gulfs of Darien, Columbus, and Honduras, are favoured with exemption.

The months during which hurricanes prevail, and which are known in the language of underwriters as the "hurricane months," are August, September, and October. The indications of an approaching hurricane are—the dense mass of dark clouds containing the revolving vapour, which is to be seen long before it approaches, standing out in sharp relief against the sky around it. The atmosphere becomes oppressively hot, the sun, moon, and stars shine with a pale, sickly light, causing objects to assume sometimes a blue, sometimes a red, and often a dark olive colour. Wind coming in puffs, followed by complete lulls, and accompanied by a scorching sensation in the throat; these are among the indications of the great wind. The surest sign, however, is a rapidly falling barometer, without any apparent cause for the fall. If the barometer be seen to drop quickly and much, it is a sure sign of mischief brewing somewhere. "He who watches his barometer watches his ship," is the carefree seaman's maxim.

In the centre of a hurricane there is a calm patch, which often deludes the sailor whose vessel has lived through the first half of the storm. He thinks the tyranny is overpast, and that he may now continue his voyage, though on the horizon all round him he sees signs of the raging storm. Half an hour will undeceive him. By that time the wind will begin to blow with equal, if not greater fury than before, but from the opposite point; a dreadful cross sea will be set up, and the other half of the hurricane will have to be endured. Unless in one particular part of the storm—where, if his ship be perfectly staunch and well prepared, the seaman may manage to edge out of the hurricane, even using its wind for the purpose—the only thing to be done is to lie to, and endeavour to keep the ship from falling into the trough of the sea. Should she fall into it, she must almost certainly be drowned; and in any case the chances are strongly against her, considering the enormous pressure of the wind and the almost irresistible force of the water with which she has to combat.

To give some idea of the rate at which the great hurricane of 1831 travelled, it may be mentioned that, beginning at some point to the south-east of Barbadoes, which place it swept, and destroyed in



(Drawn by M. E. EDWARDS.)

"Draw the curtain back a little;  
He may not know the gate."—p. 238.

seven hours 1,477 persons and many thousands of pounds' worth of property, it was at its height at that place by midnight on the 10th of August, and reached St. Vincent at 7 a.m. next morning.

We have, so far, spoken only of the causes and nature of hurricanes; in another paper we hope to draw attention to their beneficial results.

FRANCIS W. ROWSELL

### HOPE DEFERRED.

**H** why doesn't Johnny come?

It's getting very late;

Draw the curtain back a little,

He may not know the gate;

For the bushes near were set after he had gone away,

The path has been made broader, and the wall was not so grey.

Do you say it's small use hoping?—

I know you may be right;

But the heart will hope unbidden,

My son may come to-night.

It is ten long years I've waited, and if I die ere morn,

He will not know which house is ours—the curtain will be drawn!

Do you remember Johnny, girl?

You do not think you would;

It is true ten years make changes,

But I am sure I should.

He was not one to change much—my old-fashioned soul is vexed

To see how lads are boys one year, and men and married next!

You wonder why he never wrote;

Ah, child we cannot tell;

We should not judge before we know—

Hark! was not that the bell?

You heard nothing?—dearie me, what was it that I said?—

We should not judge before we know, and Johnny may be dead.

He had words with his father, girl,

Which often gave me pain;

He does not know he will not see

His father's face again;

He does not know these ten long years how poor and lone I've been,

Unless, indeed, he is above, and has looked down and seen.

Yes, Johnny may be dead, child—

But keep the window light—

We don't know what may happen,

And he may come to-night!

I think I soon shall fall asleep, when I have said my prayer,

And God may wake me near his throne, and Johnny may be there!

I. FIVIE.

### PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XLI.

##### PEGGY'S PARTING.

**T**he meantime, the necessary preparations had been made for quitting Delaube. There had been a sale of the ancient furniture, attended by all the farmer's and tradesmen's wives in the neighbourhood, and the things had fetched high prices, for they were of the kind which age does not deteriorate—old oak cabinets and presses, and tables of shining, dark mahogany, such as the housewives in question coveted. But Louis Oglivie had taken an afterthought, or had been prompted, as Jean shrewdly guessed, and had written to his daughter to remit to him the proceeds of the sale. The letter came close on the back of Margery's, and before Peggy had announced her determination to come to him. It perplexed her exceedingly, for she had just divided the sum, shilling for shilling, with the old couple who were thus turned adrift in their infirm age, after lifelong,

faithful service. Then it struck her that she would make Jean claim arrears of wages. The old woman could hardly be brought to do it; but by this means a balance in her favour was shown, even after the division aforesaid, and with what Peggy had retained Louis Oglivie was obliged to be content.

And Jean had secured a cottage in the village of Burnside, and was to open a little shop for the print-workers, who were famous for their consumption of sweets and pastry, in spite of their native virtue of thrift. And Jean was to have the cow, as part of her share of the effects; for, when it had come to a question of selling her, the old woman had lamented the necessity with tears in her eyes, and said, "If I had the siller, I would buy her myself. She never kent what it was to have a hard word flung at her, the bonnie leddy." Indeed, Jean considered that there was more deference due to a cow than to any other creature, not excepting either man or woman. So her young mistress had taken care that Hawkie should be hers, and with Hawkie went

the rest of the live stock, consisting of cocks and hens and cats. There were three generations of the latter, all personal friends of Peggy's, who had sketched their various attitudes and expressions over and over again. And all this work of "fitting" she had superintended in the midst of her grave anxiety and distress, remembering the smallest detail that might add to the comfort and happiness of her friends.

Then the house was left empty and bare and desolate, and the day of Peggy's departure was drawing near. She was going to bid farewell to her old friends and to her old home, and, as is always the case in times of change and movement, the days had flown so fast that this had been left to the very last.

It was Saturday afternoon, her own old day at the manse, when she went to say good-bye to the Grants. They were all in the drawing-room, with the exception of Sandie, whose sofa had been removed to his father's study, and who lay there often for hours alone. Dr. Grant had found out that his son craved for solitude, and, anxious to gratify him, had proposed the change, and had actually given up the study for his use.

There was an unusual gravity among them now; even Archie's welcome was subdued and quiet. Mrs. Grant had been displeased to hear of Peggy's engagement from other lips than the girl's own; she was gravely displeased that Peggy had not even mentioned it, and quite determined she should do so first. But her own trouble was at the moment too heavy to allow her to think much of so light a matter.

Peggy's first inquiry was for the absent one. She expected to hear that he was well and hearty, out of doors somewhere.

The one looked to the other to reply. It was Mrs. Grant who did so. "He's as well as he'll ever be," she said, shortly.

"The doctor has only given his opinion to-day. He may be wrong, you know—doctors often are," said Archie, pleadingly, and with an evident disinclination to repeat the verdict.

Peggy looked alarmed.

"He is lame for life, poor fellow," said his father, gently.

"Does he know?" she asked, trying to realise the change it might work in her old companion.

His father answered in the affirmative, and Mrs. Grant turned the conversation from the subject.

It was sad and painful to Peggy to be thus, as it were, thrust aloof from their trouble. They knew nothing of hers; they did not even seek to know; they kept her outside the pale, in the region of general conversation, and it was getting time for her to go. At last she said—

"I came to say good-bye, for I am going away for a long time, perhaps for ever," and she lowered her voice; "I am going to Paris."

"To Paris!" they all exclaimed in a breath.

"Yes," she replied, trying to speak lightly; "my father is there." She crimsoned as she named him,

and the fact of his neglect rose up before her. "I am to become a travelled and accomplished person after all."

"Why does she not speak out?" thought Mrs. Grant, and she remembered her grievance against Peggy, and stiffened perceptibly. She was resolved not to help her; she expected a simple matter-of-fact statement of her engagement from the girl. She was one of those people who would seem to have been born into the world the same wise, soberminded beings they are at mid-age; not only not possessing, but never having possessed, any sympathy with the feelings, far less with the follies, of youth. She had no matrimonial designs upon Miss Oglivie—would have had none even if she had known how great her expectations were. She thought the girl was marrying to please her new relations, and that was quite right, only she was still rather young. As for her sons having had a fancy to her, they had been very properly kept out of mischief; and that was all she thought on the matter.

After a few more questions asked and answered, Peggy ventured to ask if she could say good-bye to Sandie; but just then the peculiar sound of a crutch was heard in the passage; the answer was prevented, and Sandie himself opened the door and appeared among them.

Archie had been about to spring to the door, but hesitated, and then resumed his seat: he would not do anything to suggest the sense of helplessness to his brother.

Sandie was much paler, much older looking, but cheerful and cordial as ever. He seemed also to restore cheerfulness and cordiality to the others; and questioning Peggy eagerly about her movements, led her to give an account of her recent proceedings more in detail; and the others showed their interest too. She never mentioned the one great subject of interest; and Sandie never alluded to his own misfortune.

Then came another, and Peggy could see, a most welcome visitor. David Haldane was ushered into the room. Peggy had not seen him, save in church, for many weeks. It would have been easy for him to speak to her after service, if he had chosen, and she had been more than once alone; but he had even, she thought, shunned her: and she had felt shy of meeting him, and had resolved to also avoid him now that she was going away. She was on her feet to go when he entered, and he added to the restraint of the parting; but she shook hands all round, and spoke her farewell unfalteringly till she came to Sandie, and then her voice failed, and the tears would come.

And Sandie, to the amazement of all present, swung himself up on his crutch, and kissed her cheek, and said, "That's for auld times, Peggy." He wanted to put a cheerful face on the matter, but he did not succeed, for Peggy could not second him in his effort. She turned away her face from David Haldane as she gave him her hand, and, in the little stir which her going made, he only noticed how cold and distant

was her voice. He did not know till she was gone that the parting was for any lengthened period.

Dr. Grant accompanied her to the door.

"Tell them all how often and often I shall think of them," she said.

"God bless you, my dear," he made answer, "and give you every happiness. I wish you had not been going so far away, but anywhere in the world may good go with you." And so the kindly man dismissed her, and she knew that he blessed her from the heart.

Then, though it was late in the afternoon, she bent her steps toward the deserted house. It was hers no longer, and she might not even gain admittance, but she would look upon the place once more, and gather into one focus of memory all the inanimate objects that were so dear to her.

There is something very melancholy in a deserted house. The stare of the blank, curtainless windows puts one out of countenance. The fireless hearths, with the ashes of old fires still upon them, make one shiver. The echo of one's steps in the empty chambers seems to call up the ghosts of the past. It has altogether an uncannie feel to be alone in it. One tries, if possible, to escape from it before the evening falls; and the evening was falling as Peggy wandered from room to room, for the door was on the latch, and she had found ready access to her old home. Then she sat down on a favourite seat of hers, the seat to be found in the embrasure of old-fashioned windows, and leaned her head upon her hand, looking out into the deserted garden.

How long she would have sat thus in reverie there is no knowing, for she was dreaming of the future as well as of the past, imagining the old place with its new inmates—thinking how David Haldane would bring his wife there. What she would be like, she did not depict to herself, but she saw him sitting in her grandfather's place by the hearth, with the happy look of home on his face, and his grandly beautiful head bent towards a child at his feet.

It was impossible to say how long she might have dreamed on, but a soft thing was rubbed against the hand that rested by her side, and a little purring sound reached her ear. She started, looked down, and saw the "little cat," the very same little cat she had herself carried to Jean's cottage, when its staid elders had gone in the cart. She understood in a moment that the tiny creature, with a curious instinct, had returned to its old home. "So you are here too," she said, and her voice sounded weirdly: and the creature looked up in her face, and mewed with an expression of such entire, and yet ludicrous, sympathy, that Peggy half laughing, half crying, snatched it to her bosom.

But it had roused her, and she must go; and she could not leave it there, mewing piteously in her face and rubbing against her feet beseechingly; so she took it up in her arms and hastened to leave the place, beguiled somewhat of her sadness by the senseless thing.

At the foot of the hill she met old Mr. Haldane,

and stopped to speak to him, still carrying her little friend clinging desperately to her cloak, with which she had vainly endeavoured to cover it up. She went up to him frankly.

"I have been to the old house to say good-bye," she said; and, seeing him look a little puzzled, she added, sadly, "only to the bare walls, Mr. Haldane." Then she went on to speak to the intent that had struck her on seeing him. He might have it in his power to befriend Jean. She told him of her lifelong fidelity, adding, "You may be sure I would never have parted with her if I could have done otherwise. She has been all the mother I have ever known."

"I'll look in-upon her," he said, kindly enough; "the cottage she has taken belongs to me. For that matter, if I had kent about her, she might have stayed and looked after the place a bit, while it's lying empty."

Then he bade her good-bye, and looked after her—actually stood and looked after her—with a mixture of admiration and contempt. In the latter he tried to harden himself. "And she preferred yon Jackanapes to David," he thought. "And to see her, as if she were a bairn yet, wi' a kitten in her arms; but there's neither common sense nor common honesty in ony o' her kind."

## CHAPTER XLII.

### AN INTERVAL.

Two years had passed away, years during which David Haldane, as managing partner at the print-works, had laboured with an energy of hand and brain which is the rare possession of a few great leaders of industry. It was now the spring of 1830, a year which may be taken as a sort of tide-mark of the progress of manufacturing industry in England. About that time the marvellous series of mechanical inventions which had signalled the preceding fifty years, culminated, and combined to develop the cotton trade in all its gigantic proportions.

The art of cotton-printing was only introduced into England in 1696, by a French Protestant refugee, who established a small print-work on the banks of the Thames; and when David Haldane had erected his on the banks of the Strathie, three quarters of a century later, the art was still in its infancy, and mainly the work of the hand. Now, there was machinery for every successive part of the process. There were machines for washing, and machines for wringing, and machines for drying; and the roller had, to a great extent, superseded the clumsy block. No further back than 1720, an absurd law, in order to foster the linen and woollen trades, prohibited the wearing of all printed calicoes whatsoever, whether of home or foreign manufacture; and now more than three hundred millions of yards were being printed within the bounds of Great Britain.

And the organisers of this vast industry, represented in lengths of cotton that would swathe the

globe ever so many hundred times (let those who are fond of calculation say how many), were realising enormous fortunes, but at enormous risks. Among these were the Haldanes, though, indeed, the management had been lately left entirely to the younger man. The old man now occupied a house in the neighbourhood, which had been built by a retired West Indian, and vacated in disgust, because of its dulness—a disgust which is apt to occur to people with disordered livers. Old David Haldane did not find it dull, but then his liver was as sound as ever, and he visited the works every day of his life.

And the works had been greatly enlarged. There rose from the new and more regular building a tall chimney, vomiting the blackest of smoke; and within, the engines groaned and the power-loom rattled almost day and night. The cotton-mill had been added to the print-work, that the latter might feed the former, and that both might compete with the great centres of the industry for the West Indian trade of Bleaktown, as well as for the home market. All over the country the race of competition and production was going on, and the human machines were suffering in the strain to keep up with those nerves of iron—that brain of fire. That which should have lightened human labour seemed only to have increased it.

"With grind and groan,  
With clank and moan,  
Their task the prisoned forces ply;  
The great wheels fly,  
As if they wove the web of fate;  
  
"And to and fro, amid the roar,  
Squalid creatures pace the floor.  
Slaves of those iron wheels are they,  
Bound their impulse to obey,  
And upon their bidding wait;  
  
"While to their service dumb,  
Not only men are given,  
But childish troops are driven,  
And women come;  
And every heart with weariness is numb."

The people at Haldane's new mill were working almost day and night, in order that the costly new machines might not remain idle, and so stand, as it were, consuming the capital they had absorbed.

Elsewhere—in the English manufacturing districts—the sufferings of women and children, from over-work, were extreme. "The cry of the children" was being echoed through the land. But here the system had not been long enough in operation to tell upon the far robuster race of workers—at least, to the extent of disfigurement and death. But one day, while "the manager," as David was still called, was passing through the spinning-room, there was a cry and a slight commotion; several machines were stopped, while the girls who waited on them ran to the help of one who had fallen.

David Haldane was on the spot in a moment. The girl had fainted at her work and fallen—it was feared, injuring herself in her fall. The room was, of course, oppressively warm. They were manufacturing the

lightest fabrics, for which the thread must be spun at a high temperature, and the first thing was to remove her into the cooler air. She was a slight girl, with an exquisite, pale face, the daughter of one of the Highland immigrants. David lifted her in his arms, and bore her out into the air as easily as if she had been a child. As he did so, her face struck him, with its pathos of stilled suffering; its transparent thinness, and the blue circles under the closed eyes, telling their tale of delicate and fading health. He had kept one of her companions by her side; the others were at their work again, as soon as the door had swung back upon its hinges. He held her, with her dark silky hair falling over his arm, till her companion brought water. "She'll soon come to herself," said the girl. "It's no the first time she's ta'en a dawm (faint). She's no fit for the wark, puir thing. It takes a stout kimmer like me," she added, looking at her strong, red arms; "and some as strong as me ha'e gane like this wi' the lang hours."

Whether or no it was a fancied resemblance, the girl, opening her dim blue eyes, and coming back to life as she lay upon his supporting arm, put David in mind of Peggy Oglivie, and a pang smote him as he looked at her. He remembered what Peggy had said about the works—how terrible she had thought the incessant toil and din and heat. "And it must be terrible to such a creature as this," he thought. "Wark is for the strong, not for the weak," he said to himself. "But even the strong seem to suffer. You must look to this," said the heart of the man, filled with the memory of one sweet woman, and for her sake tender to all.

The girl revived, but in extreme pain, and David Haldane speedily ascertained that her arm was broken, and, sending for help, had her removed to her mother's cottage, while the doctor was sent for—he himself taking care that every alleviation should be provided for her suffering that money would purchase. But the incident set him pondering more deeply on the condition of the workers than he had ever done before. He felt how great was the responsibility incurred by the masters of industry, in using their human material as they were doing. Their power for good or evil—his power—was greater than that of any territorial lord could be. The wicked Oglivies of old times might oppress their scattered tenants, but they could hardly wring gold out of the life-blood of thousands, as men like him might do. And yet the position was a difficult one. He could not stop the machines—the last hour's work might be the only hour that paid—yet the more he meditated and examined, the more sure he was that the work was too hard, the hours too long, especially for women and children.

And the manager taxed his brain to prevent it. "They shall rust rather," he cried, one midnight, as he sat in his room, still thinking, still working; his active brain, the real motive power of all the energies at work around him. The alternative present to his mind was the sixteen hours a-day which the people were then working; for precious

things were perishing in the atmosphere of constant toil: the evening psalm was no longer heard in the cottages, and the school was empty, while the young ones played no truant.

And it was not without opposition that he carried out his purpose of shortening the hours of the workers, by providing relays, and by other measures of organisation which he projected and enforced. There are always a vast number of people with whom present gain outweighs all future loss, though that loss should be their own lives and the lives of their children. But having once put his hand to the

plough, David Haldane was not the man to draw back. As he cured one evil, another would spring up. For instance, if he brought workpeople from a distance, he over-crowded the villages; but, ever vigilant, and ever active, the new evil neither escaped his notice nor was allowed to gain head before it was put down.

"You are working like a slave," said his friend, Mr. Keith, to him; "you must take some rest."

And David replied, "I will run over to Paris for a week in July, to freshen myself up a bit for the winter."

*(To be continued.)*

### THE LOST KNIFE.



LFRED WILMINGTON was a boy of twelve years old, possessing most of the habits, customs, and tastes usual to that age; but, from delicacy of health, frequently unable to participate in the amusements and active sports of his schoolfellows.

Now for several months his greatest ambition had been to become the possessor of a knife, similar to one which belonged to his father. Not a common knife, such as every boy in the school had; no, no, but one with several different-sized blades, a saw, a corkscrew, and many other useful implements; in fact, as Alfred used to say, in describing it to his boy-friends, "it was as good as a pocket box of tools."

At length Christmas arrived—that happy and exciting season for boys and girls. Great was the curiosity, many were the speculations, as to what present each child should receive.

I do not know what good fairy could have whispered to Alfred's father what he would like the best; but certain it is, that on Christmas morning, the delighted boy found himself possessed of the object of his desire. He immediately set about making a leather case for his treasure, which he wore fastened to a belt round his waist. Oh! how useful that knife was; everything which wanted to be cut, his blades were ready; if anything required sawing, out came the saw; and as to the old corkscrew of the house, it had Christmas holidays as well as Alfred, for he was on the watch to draw every cork required. But the greatest delight of all was, on his return to school, to display his new acquisition to the admiring boys. Time passed on, the novelty of the knife wore away, but not its value; on the contrary, so many were its uses, that he often said, "I only wonder how I could have lived so many years without one."

Spring came—a cold, harsh spring—and Alfred caught so severe a cold that he was obliged to remain at home for some time; until at length, the weather becoming milder, and his health improving, he returned to school; but still his cough was sufficiently troublesome to cause some anxiety to his friends.

Alfred always took extreme delight in fishing. Wherever there was water, there might he be found at every leisure moment, trying to decoy the poor little

fish to their ruin. He had many companions in the neighbourhood, all equally intent on the same sport; but they were strong, healthy boys, able to bear any amount of cold or fatigue. Alfred had often been warned by his parents to avoid damp, and not to lean over water for any length of time, as in this way he had frequently caught cold. Indeed, since his late illness he had been forbidden to fish altogether. This was a hard prohibition to one so devoted to the amusement; and though he obeyed to the letter his parents' commands, yet he could not always resist the temptation of going with other boys to see them fish.

Now it happened that there was a canal near his father's house, and on its banks Alfred and his companions spent most of their play-hours. On one particular occasion, a boy named Charles met Alfred, and asked him to accompany him to the canal to sail boats. At first, Alfred told him that he had been forbidden by his father to fish in the canal.

"I do not want you to fish," replied Charles, "I only want you to come and see my new boat sail;" and so, with some slight compunctions of conscience, Alfred followed his friend.

Charles had a small ship, which he had himself made; they placed it on the water, and it sailed completely to their satisfaction. After watching its movements for some time, it occurred to the boys that if they could quickly make a few small boats of branches of trees, or even flaggers, it would be good fun to send them after the large vessel, in imitation of a set of pirate canoes in chase of a ship, of which they had read in one of Charles's books.

Immediately Alfred drew his knife out of the case, and commenced cutting pieces of stick to the desired shape. After some labour, the desired number of canoes were completed and launched, and Alfred in the hurry of the moment hastily shut his knife, and thrust it into his waistcoat pocket; then, as the tiny boats floated off in pursuit of the ship, both boys threw themselves flat on the bank, and eagerly stretched their heads, necks, and nearly half their bodies over the water, that they might with long sticks give a little push to the lagging canoes. Alas! after a desperate effort made by Alfred to reach one which seemed determinately lazy, he saw,

as he leaned forward, his knife—his precious knife—fall from his waistcoat pocket. He made a desperate effort to grasp it. It was useless, although he nearly lost his own balance in the attempt. Down it went, before his very eyes, with a great splash into the deep and dark water. Oh! how that splash went to the boy's heart! He turned pale, he trembled, he felt sick. For a few moments he scarcely believed in the reality of his loss, or found voice to speak. At length his friend broke the silence.

"Alfred, your splendid knife! Oh, what a pity! what a loss!"

"What shall I do?" faltered Alfred, bursting into tears. "What will my father say? How shall I ever tell him? He will think I have been so careless of his present. I wish I could jump in after it; but the water is so deep. Oh, my knife! my beautiful knife! I shall never be able to do without it."

"Don't despair, Alfred," replied his friend; "we know the very spot it fell in. Suppose we get your fishing-rod and mine, and tie them together, and at the end we'll fasten the net you have for catching small fish, and drag the bottom of the canal? We'll be sure to find it. It is getting dark now, or we might try; besides, we must go home for the rods."

These words of hope partially consoled Alfred, and, drying his tears, he said, "Well, Charles, will you meet me here to-morrow, after breakfast?—how fortunate that it is the Easter vacation!—and we will bring the rods, plenty of strong cord, and my net; and perhaps we might fish it up, if the mud is not very deep."

"It is a heavy knife; I hope its own weight has not sunk it."

"Oh, no," replied Alfred; "it fell very slowly, and the water will break its fall. It did not go down with a violent bang."

"But it would be of no use if you had it; it will be all rusty."

"No," said Alfred; "I have often heard of swords and guns being thrown under water to hide them. My father says as long as steel is covered with water it will not be injured: it is only damp which produces rust. If I had my knife I would rub it very dry, and take it to a cutter to polish up. Oh! how I wish I had it! I fear, I fear, I shall never see it more."

"Courage!" replied Charles. "We shall know by this time to-morrow."

Just then they arrived at the door of Alfred's home, and the friends separated. It was with a heavy heart that he entered. Many were the questions addressed to him during the evening by his family, such as, "Alfred, are you well?" "Did any one vex you?" "Well, what is the matter?" Hard enough he found it to answer these inquiries, and to try to smile when he felt so unhappy.

The evening seemed very long. He complained of feeling tired, and went to bed earlier than usual, but not to sleep; his mind was busy forming plans for the recovery of the lost knife.

Soon a gentle tap at the door was followed by the

entrance of his favourite sister. She approached the bedside.

"Alfred, dear, I know there is something wrong; will you not tell me what it is? I might be able to help you. Are you in any difficulty?"

"Will you promise, Lucy, that you will not tell any one?"

"First, is it anything which it would be wrong to conceal? If not, I promise, and you know I can keep a secret."

"Yes, I know," he replied; "you have often kept my secrets. It is nothing wrong, so you have promised, and I will tell you what happened me to-day."

He then proceeded to give a full description of his misfortune. Kindly and warmly did his sister sympathise with him. They discussed all the plans for the recovery of the knife; but she could not help fearing that in his anxiety he might become incautious, and fall into the deep water; and begged him to remember how much more valuable his life was than many knives.

"Never fear," he said; "when I stretch forward, I shall get Charles to hold me tightly. I think I shall recover it; I cannot believe it is quite lost."

Lucy feared it was, but she did not like to discourage him by saying so.

"Alfred, if you find it is hopeless, you must tell papa."

"No, Lucy, I never could tell him."

"Why not? He would not be very angry, you know it was only an accident."

"Yes, but it was my own fault; I ought not to have leaned over the water."

"No, you ought not, Alfred; but still, you have been punished by the loss of your knife, and I think papa would forgive you, and I am sure you will try to remember what you are told again."

"Well, it is time enough to talk of telling when I am sure I have really lost it."

"But you ought to tell in any case, Alfred."

"So I will, if I find my knife. I will tell all about having let it fall into the canal, of its wonderful escape, and how unhappy I was about it; but I must have it in my hand to show. No, I never could tell papa that his valuable present was lost, he would think me so careless and ungrateful."

Lucy, finding all her persuasions unavailing, left the room, first begging of her brother to come home early next day after his search, and report to her his success or failure.

Morning came. Alfred left the house according to appointment, and met his friend Charles. The fishing-rods were tied together, and the net firmly fixed on to the end; but, alas! with all their efforts, it would not reach the bottom. The water was deep, and the bank high. They could touch the mud at other places, but not near the fatal spot. After spending a long time in useless labour, they gave up the search as hopeless, and returned to their homes.

Lucy was watching at the door for her brother; she had spent an anxious morning, and now sym-

pathised kindly with him in his disappointment. What was to be done? It was at length agreed between them that Lucy should tell their father all, and represent how very sorry Alfred was, not only for the loss of the knife, but for his own disobedience. Nothing more was said on the subject that day, but there were mysterious conversations between Lucy and her two younger sisters, the result of which Alfred could not find out at the time.

Next morning he whispered to Lucy, "Have you told papa yet?"

"No," she replied; "I have a reason for not doing so at present, which you must not ask. I think you had better tell him yourself, but not till to-morrow."

"I can never do it, Lucy; I have told you so before, and I think it is very ill-natured of you not to do it for me."

To his surprise, she only smiled at this speech, and said no more.

That evening, Alfred was wandering about by himself, and looking very sad, when he beheld his three sisters approaching, apparently in high spirits.

"Well," he thought to himself, "surely Lucy has forgotten my misfortune very quickly. I never remember her having been so unfeeling before."

"Alfred! Alfred!" they called out, "what a bad looker you are! You gave up the search too soon."

"Where? where? Oh! you have not found it," he exclaimed; "it is impossible!"

"We have been out a long time trying to get it for you," replied Lucy, "and it appears we have been more successful than you—for look!" and as she spoke, she held up a knife to his astonished gaze.

He seized it with avidity.

"It is! it is really the same! My knife! But how bright it has grown!"

"You know," said Lucy, "water does not rust knives; perhaps it has the effect of brightening them."

"Is it mine? No, it cannot be, it is too new-looking; evidently, it has never been used, but it is the same size and shape, and contains the same number of blades and implements. Tell me, girls, do tell me all about it. Where did it come from? You had not money to get a new one, surely?"

"Yes, we had, between us all; we had just the price of the knife, and we are so glad, dear Alfred, to be able to get it for you."

"But," said Alfred, "Lucy told me she was going to buy a new book with her money; and you, Clara, have been gathering for a long time for a workbox. Little Fanny could not have had much. Oh, I wish you had not spent all your money on me! It makes me twice as sorry for having been so disobedient and careless. Yet I am so glad to have a knife again. There is papa, now, I will run and tell him all."

And off he set after his father, with the new knife in his hand, to tell of his own faults and his sisters' kindness.

The knife was placed with much care in the leather case of its predecessor, and Alfred, like "a burnt child who dreads the fire," took care never to take it near the canal.

He kept it safely till he became a man; indeed, he has it still, and often tells his own children the story of the lost knife, as a lesson against disobedience.

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